eloquent gesture as the all-embracing word " Nature" came in answer to his call, were exactly repeated unconsciously years later by the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva). She was telling us the story of a play that she had written. The words rushed out swiftly, but occasionally she would wait for the one that expressed her meaning most comprehensively and exactly, and as she got it, up went her hand in triumph over her head. " Like yours in ' Hamlet/ " I told Henry at the time.

I knew this Hamlet both ways—as an actress from the stage, and as an actress putting away her profession for the time as one of the audience—and both ways it was superb to me. Tennyson, I know, said it was not a perfect Hamlet. I wonder, then, where he hoped to find perfection I

Jarnes Spedding, considered a. fine critic in his day, said Irving was " simply hideous . . . a monster I[J>] Another of these fine critics declared that he never could believe in Irving's Hamlet after having seen " *part* (sic) of his performance as a murderer in a commonplace melodrama." Would one believe that any one could seriously write so stupidly as that about the earnest effort of an earnest actor, if it were not quoted by some of living's biographers ?

Some criticism, however severe, however misguided, remains within the bounds of justice, but what is one to think of the *Quarterly* Reviewer who declared that " the enormous pains taken with the scenery had ensured Mr. Irving's success " ? The scenery was of the simplest—no

money was spent on it even when the play was revived at the Lyceum after Colonel Baternan's death. Henry's dress probably cost him about £2 !

My Ophelia dress was made of material which could not have cost more than 2s. a yard, and not many yards were wanted, as I was at the time thin to vanishing point!